

CHARLTON
COMICS
00036-973

ALL NEW

COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

FIGHTIN' ARMY

FIGHTIN' ARMY

NO. 111
SEPT.
CDC

ONLY
20¢
UK 6p

GET BACK -
AVALANCHE!



00036

IT WAS KOREA, 1951, AND THE CHINESE COMMIES WERE USING RUSSIAN TANKS AND RUSSIAN WEAPONS... THEY HAD THE AMERICANS OUTNUMBERED... THEY'D MAULED THEM BADLY IN BATTLE AFTER BATTLE... AND, NOW, THIS COMPANY OF G.I.'S WAS DUG IN.. WAITING FOR THE FINAL ONSLAUGHT AT DAWN!

IT WAS DECEMBER... THE THERMOMETER HOVERED AROUND ZERO... AND THE WIND OUT OF THE NORTH DROVE ICY SNOW INTO THEIR EXHAUSTED EYES AS THEY SCANNED THE SLOPE FOR THE FIRST COMMUNIST WAVES...

WHERE DO THEY COME FROM?

MOST OF THESE MEN ARE DRAFTEES... RECENTLY TRAINED... INEXPERIENCED IN COMBAT... NON-HEROIC TYPES WHO'D LED SHELTERED LIVES IN A FAR-OFF LAND CALLED AMERICA! NOW, THEY WILL BE TESTED.... HOW WILL THEY FAIR?

I'LL BET THERE'S A MILLION COMMIES DOWN THERE!

FIGHTIN' ARMY

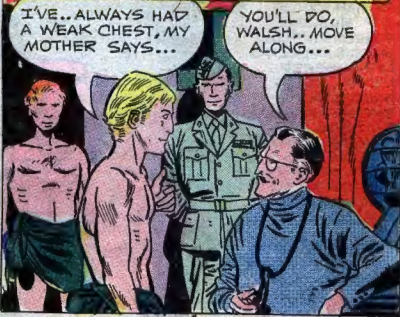
FIGHTIN' ARMY Vol. 5, No. 111, September, 1973,

published bimonthly by Charlton Publications, Inc. at Charlton Building, Division St., Derby, Conn. 06418. Second class postage paid at Derby, Conn. 06418. © Copyright 1973 Charlton Publications, Inc. International copyright secured. All rights reserved. 20¢ per copy. Subscription \$1.20 annually. Printed in U.S.A. Geo. Wildman, Managing Editor. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended. This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vendor in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price. National Advertising Representatives: Dilo, 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10016 (212-686-9050).

THIS WAS GARY WALSH, P.F.C.
..TWENTY-TWO, THE ONLY SON
OF DOTING PARENTS IN OHIO...



..HE WAS DRAFTED ELEVEN MONTHS
AGO.. THIN, GANGLING, UNCOORDINATED..



DON'T WORRY, SON...
YOU'LL DO OKAY!



IND
GEN
U.S. GOVERNMENT



DO OKAY? HOW? HE'D
ALWAYS BEEN TIMID...
HE WORKED AS A CLERK
IN A FACTORY!



WERE YOU
REALLY
ACCEPTED
BY THE ARMY,
GARY?

YEP!

YES, GARY WALSH WAS ACCEPTED.. AND
PUT THROUGH BASIC TRAINING....



NOW, HE WAS
HERE..IN KOREA
..HALF FROZEN
..WONDERING
IF HE'D HAVE THE
GUTS TO BE A
REAL SOLDIER!

HEY, WALSH...S-SEE
ANYTHING?

NO!

THIS WAS
ANOTHER
PFC..HE WAS
NINETEEN...
HE VOLUNTEERED
FOR THE ARMY!

WIPE THAT SMILE OFF
YOUR KISSER, LAUGHIN'
BOY!

YES
SIR!

RAY JONES DIDN'T TAKE
SOLDIERING SERIOUSLY
..HE WENT THROUGH
THE MOTIONS, BUT HE
WAS STILL A KID
WHEN HE REACHED
KOREA.. NOW.. WOULD
HE MATURE IN TIME
TO DO A MAN'S JOB?

YOU'LL RETRIEVE
THAT WEAPON,
CLEAN IT, AND
BRING IT TO THE
FIRST SERGEANT,
JONES!

STAY AWAKE,
JONESY..THIS
AIN'T FUN AND
GAMES TIME
NOW!

I'LL DO MY
JOB, CHUBBY!

HIS WAS SGT. BAYLESS... A GOOF-OFF WHO'D ALWAYS LOOKED FOR EASY REAR-ECHELON ASSIGNMENTS... NOW CAUGHT UP IN THE UNCARING MACHINERY OF WAR!

IF I DIDN'T GOOF UP AT THE QUARTERMASTER DEPOT, I'D STILL BE SAFE AND WARM... NOW, FOR SURE... I'LL GET CREAMED!



LT. TRANEY GOT HIS COMMISSION THROUGH THE RESERVE OFFICER TRAINING CORPS... THE R.O.T.C. UNIT ON HIS COLLEGE CAMPUS HAD BEEN MORE LIKE A SOCIAL CLUB!



WHAT A LOUSY BREAK... WE GOT A NERVOUS NELLIE COMMANDING THE PLATOON... HE'LL HIT THE PANIC BUTTON QUICKER THAN ANY-BODY!



I HEARD TRANEY TALKING IN HIS SLEEP LAST NIGHT... HE KEPT SAYIN' 'MAMA'....

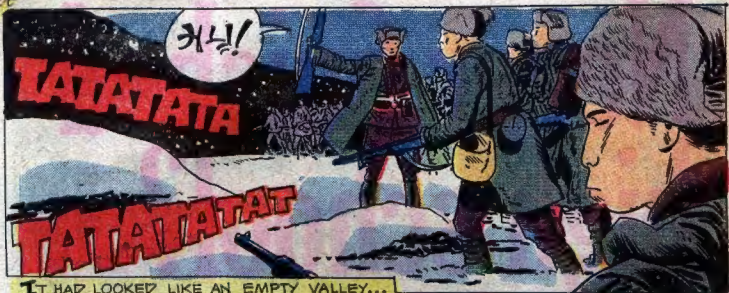


THIS WAS A CROSS-SECTION... A CIVILIAN ARMY WAITING FOR DAWN AND THE ACID TEST...

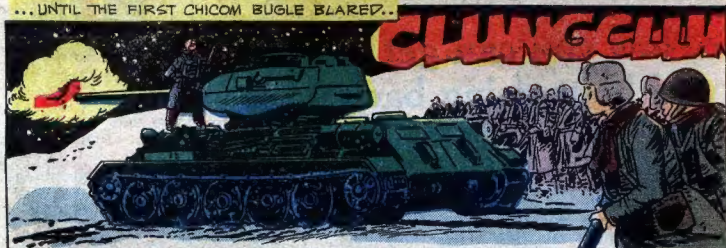
HERE THEY COME...



4.
CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE



IT HAD LOOKED LIKE AN EMPTY VALLEY...
...UNTIL THE FIRST CHICOM BUGLE BLARED..





THIS PLATOON WAS THE POINT... IF THE CHICOMS ROLLED OVER THESE RAW REPLACEMENTS, THEY'D POUR THROUGH THE GAP AND IT WOULD BE A MAJOR DEFEAT...

SUDDENLY, THE BURNING FEAR IN LT. TRANEY'S GUTS VANISHED. THE NERVOUS, TIMID SECOND JOHN LEAPED FROM HIS FOX-HOLE!

WE AIN'T GOT A CHANCE... LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

IF YOU TRY TO BUG OUT... I'LL SHOOT YOU MYSELF!

THAT BAZOOKA WAS DESIGNED FOR TANKS... NOW START USING IT AND DON'T MISS!

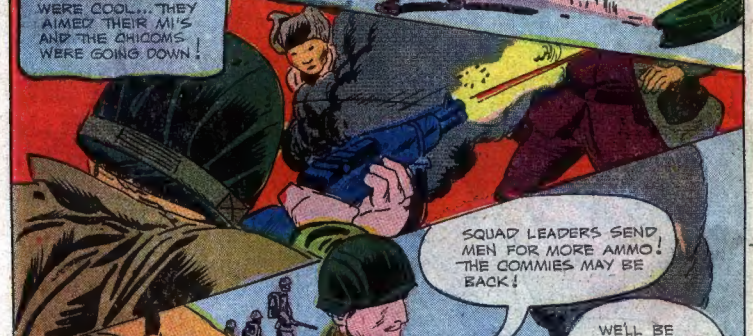
TRANEY AMAZED HIMSELF... HE WAS LIKE A WILD MAN, IGNORING THE SHELLS AND BULLETS... BELLOWING ORDERS AT THE G.I.'S!

THEY'RE JUST FLESH AND BLOOD LIKE US... HIT 'EM AND THEY GO DOWN!



I HIT THE COMMIE...THEY
BOUNCED OFF THE ARMOR..
BUT THIS ONE WON'T!

THE G.I.S SUDDENLY
WERE COOL...THEY
AIMED THEIR M1'S
AND THE CHICOMS
WERE GOING DOWN!



SQUAD LEADERS SEND
MEN FOR MORE AMMO!
THE COMMIES MAY BE
BACK!

WE'LL BE
READY FOR
THEM, SKIPPER!

IN AN HOUR, THE SLOPE
WAS QUIET AGAIN..THERE
WERE EMPTY FOXHOLES
NOW.. BUT, THE G.I.S WHO
LEFT HAD SUDDENLY
BECOME SOLDIERS..THEY
WERE MEN..AND ONCE
MORE IN A TIME OF NEED,
AMERICA HAD FOUND THE
MEN TO DO THE JOB!

THE
END

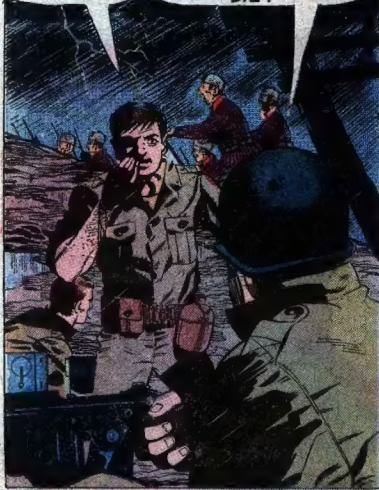


D 5107

MEN AT WAR ARE OFTEN CYNICAL ABOUT OFFICIAL CITATIONS AND MEDALS... THEY KNOW THAT SOMETIMES THEY'RE AWARDED TO UNDESERVING BRAGGARTS... AND MORE OFTEN THAN NOT REALLY HEROIC DEEPS ARE UNRECOGNIZED AND UNKNOWN! MOST HEROES WOULD LAUGH IN YOUR FACE IF YOU CALLED THEM THAT... ONE OF THESE WAS SGT. ED KENDALL, A VETERAN OF WORLD WAR II RECALLED FOR THE KOREAN WAR... A NON COMMISSIONED OFFICER IN A RIFLE PLATOON SOMEWHERE NORTH OF SEOUL IN LATE MARCH, 1951!

THE COMMIES
BROKE THROUGH.
SARGE...LET'S GET
OUTA HERE!

YOU CAN'T RUN, DUMMY!
FIND A FOXHOLE AND A
WEAPON...**WE GOTTA
STAY RIGHT HERE OR
DIE!**



GET BATTALION ARTILLERY,
FRENCHY! FRENCHY DAMN
YOU... YOU KNOW THE
CALL SIGNS... I WANT
AN ARTILLERY
BARRAGE!

TOO...
TOO LATE...
CHICOMS
ALL AROUND,
SARGE!



I KNOW... I WANT THE ARTILLERY
BARRAGE RIGHT ON THIS POSITION!
OUR GUYS WILL BE IN FOXHOLES...
THE COMMIES WON'T!



CPL. JULIAN LAMIRRE, WOUNDED AND
WEAK CALLED BATTALION ARTILLERY
AND REQUESTED SATURATION
SHELLING OF THE HILL! THE CORP-
ORAL RECEIVED THE SILVER STAR FOR
THIS ACTION...

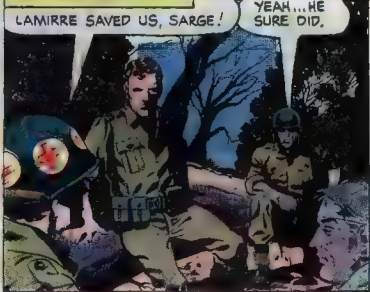
**ARTILLERY BARRAGE
...FIND A HOLE AND KEEP
DOWN!**



THE COMMUNIST TROOPS TRIED TO TAKE COVER TOO BUT THE FOXHOLES WERE ALREADY TAKEN AND...



WHEN THE BARRAGE STOPPED, THERE WERE ENEMY DEAD LITTERING THE HILL... SOME AMERICANS WERE INJURED IN THE SHELLING BUT MOST SURVIVED!



LAMIRRE SAVED US, SARGE!

YEAH...HE SURE DID.

SACK OUT, BUDDY...IF THE CHICOMS COME AT US, THE SARGE WILL WAKE US UP!



YOU'RE TEMPORARY PLATOON LEADER, KENNEDY! NOW, WHO REQUESTED THAT ARTILLERY BARRAGE? THEY'LL BE A COUPLE MEDALS FOR THAT FIRE FIGHT... YOU GUYS SAVED THE COMPANY!

WELL, FRENCHY LAMIRRE RADIOED BACK TO BATTALION ARTILLERY, CAPTAIN...



... MEGA FOUGHT OFF A COUPLE COMMIES TRYING TO REACH THE M.G. RASSOVSKY DID PRETTY GOOD AND BLAKE WAS FIGHTIN' HARD!



NOBODY ASKED WHAT SGT. ED KENNEDY DID... AND NOBODY TOLD THE CAPTAIN HE HELD THE PLATOON TOGETHER AFTER LT. WILLIAMS WAS WOUNDED AND PASSED OUT!

SERGEANT, THIS PLATOON IS A DISGRACE!



HUH? YEAH, WELL, I GUESS WE'RE A LITTLE SLOPPY.

THAT WILL BE CHANGED, SERGEANT! I'M THE THIRD PLATOON LEADER! I'M LT. SNIDER!



I'M GLAD YOU FINALLY GOT HERE, LIEUTENANT! I'M TIRED AN...

ON YOUR FEET WHEN YOU MAKE YOUR REPORT, SERGEANT!



IS THAT GUY CRAZY? YOU'VE BEEN RUNNIN' THIS PLATOON...
YEAH, WELL, I'M NOT EVEN BEFORE
RUNNIN' IT NOW, THANK GOD! LT. WILLIAMS
I CAN SACK OUT LIKE THE GOT HIT YOU
REST OF YOU JOKERS! RAN IT!



LT. SNIDER HAD NEVER HAD COMBAT COMMAND BEFORE... HE HAD NEVER HEARD A GUN FIRED, IN ANGER... BUT HE HAD AUTHORITY AND HE WAS DETERMINED TO USE IT!

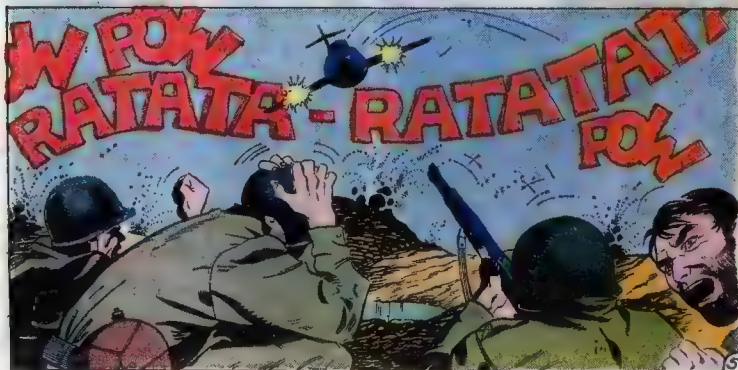
YOU'RE A DISGRACE TO THE ARMY, KENNEDY! YOUR RIFLE IS DIRTY AND YOU'RE FILTHY!

THAT M-I MIGHT BE MUDDY OUTSIDE, LIEUTENANT, BUT I FIELD-STRIPPED IT LESS THAN AN HOUR AGO!

I'M GOING TO MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF YOU, SERGEANT!

DON'T TOUCH ME!
I... **UNCH!**

HIT THE GRIT!!



YOU HAD AN EXCUSE FOR THAT, SERGEANT... BUT YOU STRUCK ME HARDER THAN WAS NECESSARY, I BELIEVE! **ISN'T THAT TRUE?**

WELL MAYBE I **DID** SMACK YOU HARDER THAN I HAD TO, LIEUTENANT!



I WAS A LITTLE CONCERNED ABOUT MY OWN SKIN TOO, LIEUTENANT!

I THOUGHT SO! **SARGE, YOU'RE A COWARD!**



WITH A HOSTILE PLATOON LEADER RIDING HIM, SGT. KENNEDY TRIED TO JUST RUN HIS SQUAD AND MIND HIS OWN BUSINESS BUT...

DRY IN A WEEK AND WE AIN'T HAD A HOT MEAL IN A COUPLE DAYS! IS THIS JERK EVER GONNA BUZZ SUPPLY FOR DRY SOCKS AND A HOT MEAL?



I ASKED HIM THAT YESTERDAY AND HE THREATENED TO HAVE ME COURT-MARTIALED.

DON'T CRY MURF... I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO!



IF LT. SNIDER LOOKS FOR ME AND I'M GONE, HE'LL PROBABLY CHARGE ME WITH DESERTION!

I NEED WHEELS!



HE N.C.O. KNEW THE ROPES... HE FOUND A WEAPONS CARRIER ASSIGNED TO CHARLIE COMPANY... HE JUST 'BORROWED' IT AND HEADED SOUTH TOWARD REGIMENTAL SUPPLY!

FIRST I'LL HIT REGIMENTAL COOK TENT... THEN I'LL ROUST OUT PORKY PORCELLI IN THE QUARTERMASTER SUPPLY!



IT WAS DAYLIGHT WHEN THE N.C.O. GROUND THE WEAPONS CARRIER TO A HALT BACK AT THE HILLTOP...

THE LIEUTENANT AROUND? HE'S ASLEEP IN THE BUNKER, SARGE! WANT HIM?

HECK, NO! JUST TELL THE GUYS I GOT HOT CHOW AND DRY SOCKS!



THE COOKS WERE GLAD TO HELP OUT... THEY KNEW KENNEDY... HIS KIND KEPT THE ARMY FUNCTIONING!

I'LL LET YUH HAVE HAM, EGGS, TOAST, AND ABOUT FIFTY GALLONS OF BEEF STEW IN THERMAL CONTAINERS THAT'LL STAY HOT TILL TONIGHT!



AFTER YA GET THEM SOCKS ON, STOSH, PASS THE WORD TUH CLEAN UP THE GARBAGE... WE DON'T WANT THE LIEUTENANT GETTIN' CURIOUS!



LT. SNIDER KEPT AFTER SGT. KENNEDY... SNIDER MANAGED TO BE SOMEWHERE ELSE WHEN THE CHINESE TROOPS ATTACKED...

THEY'RE COMIN' ACROSS THAT RIDGE, BRODSKY!



WHEN THE FIGHTING ENDED, THERE WAS LT. SNIDER...

LET THE MEDICS DO THAT, KENNEDY! WORRY ABOUT PERFORMING YOUR OWN DUTIES ONCE IN A WHILE!

LIEUTENANT, I SURE WISH YOU AND ME WEREN'T IN THE ARMY!



IS THAT A PHYSICAL THREAT, SERGEANT?

HE'S BLEEDIN' BAD, SIR! I GOTTA GET HIM TO A MEDIC WITH THE PLASMA!

I ORDERED YOU TO PUT THAT MAN DOWN!



I WARN YOU, SERGEANT. YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS INSOLENCE!

LIEUTENANT, I BEEN THINKING ABOUT YOU! I'M NOT NATURALLY A VIOLENT MAN BUT...



FOR YOU, I'LL MAKE AN EXCEPTION!



YOU'LL GO TO PRISON
FOR THIS, KENNEDY!

THESE MEN ARE MY
WITNESSES!

YOU HAD IT
COMIN', SNIDER!



GIBBONS,
YOU SAW
HIM STRIKE
ME! YOU...

I DIDN'T
SEE A
THING,
LIEUTENANT!

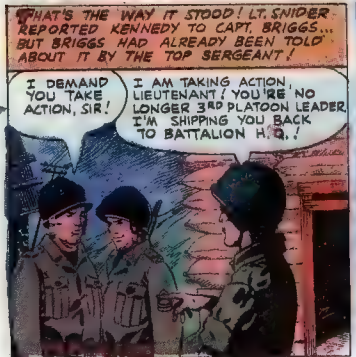
NEITHER DID I SIR!
NOBODY IN THE PLATOON
SAW SGT. KENNEDY
DO ANYTHING OUTA
LINE!



THAT'S THE WAY IT STOOD! LT. SNIDER
REPORTED KENNEDY TO CAPT. BRIGGS...
BUT BRIGGS HAD ALREADY BEEN TOLD
ABOUT IT BY THE TOP SERGEANT!

I DEMAND
YOU TAKE
ACTION, SIR!

I AM TAKING ACTION,
LIEUTENANT! YOU'RE NO
LONGER 3RD PLATOON LEADER.
I'M SHIPPING YOU BACK
TO BATTALION H.Q.!

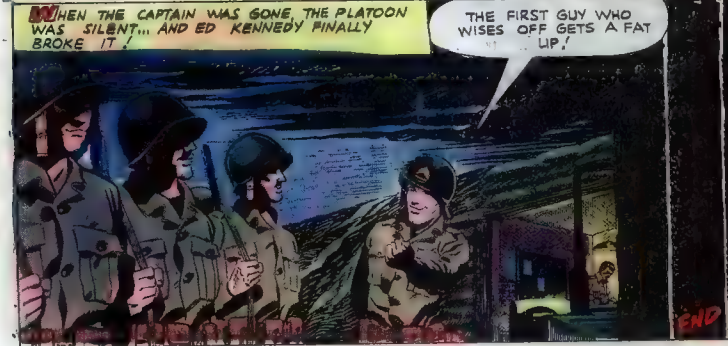


... AND I HEAR I OVERLOOKED YOU
WHEN I PASSED OUT THE MEDALS!
I PUT YOU IN FOR A SILVER STAR AND
I RECOMMENDED YOU FOR A FIELD
COMMISSION! IT CAME IN AN HOUR
AGO, LIEUTENANT!



WHEN THE CAPTAIN WAS GONE THE PLATOON
WAS SILENT... AND ED KENNEDY FINALLY
BROKE IT!

THE FIRST GUY WHO
WISES OFF GETS A FAT
UP!



END

TRAPPED?

For three days we had been fighting the Nazi special troopers. They were determined to get us at any cost. For we had wrecked their defensive measures. Our mission had been to blow up the railroad bridge across the Danube River and its connecting link across the valley. They knew our invading forces would soon strike at this rich area. And they were unable to transport their heavy guns to defend the coastal city.

We had no illusion about our situation. We were trapped. True, we had enough ammo, food and water to last us for about a week more. The house we had taken over was literally a little fortress. It was built of ancient thick stones. And even the machine gun bullets of heavy caliber hardly made a dent in the walls. If the Nazis somehow managed to get a heavy gun up the hills or even a tank we were finished.

"You know Major Coopers," grinned Sergeant Bellows. "You started out with five of us. Mission accomplished. Somehow I got a feeling you are going to get us out of here alive."

"Went to make a bet on it?" snapped back Corporal Thompson. "But on second thought, skip it. If I lose it, I won't be around to collect it."

Our two women who owned this house was a young girl of about twenty. And the woman with her was evidently her grandmother. They spoke some kind of a local dialect that we couldn't understand. They fed us and did the best to make us comfortable. But it was also evident we were unwelcome.

For the fourth time the Nazis sent against us a suicide group. Determined to get within range of their hand grenades. And my men picked them off very efficiently.

"If we run out of ammo, all we have to do is to go out on a dark night and take their stuff," said Private Anders. "Now if they only have food and water on them, then we are still o.k."

"We missed contact with the Partisan leader," I sighed. "We were going to take us all to the meeting place where the sub is waiting for us."

"Major Coopers," said the young lady in perfect English. "Do not be puzzled by the fact that I haven't spoken a single word to you and your men. My name is Morticia and the old lady is my grandmother. I spent

five years as a child in the United States. My father was ambassador to your country. And I have taught English in our school here."

"I can show you and your men how to escape. But for that you must pay my price. If we remain here, the Nazis will kill us. I have listened carefully to your talk as well as that of your men. You are single. You marry me, take me back to the United States, and take care of me and my old grandmother."

To say I was totally startled would be to put it very mildly. One look at the faces of my men and you could see each had just been given a shock. I had to do some fast and clear thinking.

"The safety of my men comes first," I replied. "If that is what you want, you can have it. But I must later return here. So you will not be my wife for a long time. You will probably be my widow. Now show me how we escape."

"The Romans once had a big city here," she explained. "In fact this house which has served as your fortress was built of thick stones taken from ruins. Underneath the floor there is a large tunnel. Once used to conduct water to the city. It goes down to the valley. As a girl I would go through it with my brother. I will take you down into it. But I suggest you blow up this house once we are safely away from it. Thus the enemy will not look in the ruins. They may figure a lucky shot did it. Or that you are pretensed to die together."

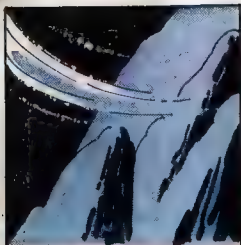
She got us down into the tunnel and we walked slowly through it. We then found ourselves in the valley below. Give her credit! She found the Partisan leader.

"We travel only during the night," he told me. "The sub is waiting for you."

Three days later a startled submarine commander found he had two extra passengers.

"You will marry the young female to me," I said. "Ask no questions. We go back together."

All this happened thirty years ago. We have been very happily married. We went back once to her home country, since the government wanted to give me a special medal for my work. And next year we are going to take our grandchildren there for a vacation."



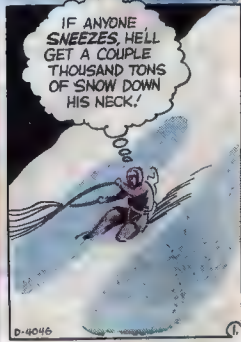
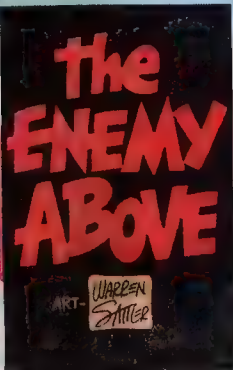
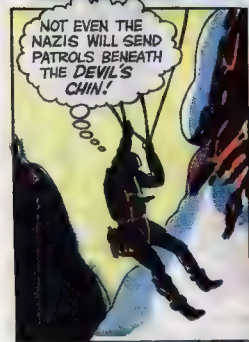
IN NOVEMBER, 1944, WINTER HAD
ALREADY LOCKED THE FRENCH
ALPS IN ITS IRON FIST...



BUT EVEN IN THE ICE AND SNOW,
THE NAZI SS BATTALION MANNED
THEIR MACHINE GUNS AND
CANNON...BLOCKING THE ROADS,
GUARDING THE RAILROADS!



WHEN LT. MARK LASSITER
BROUGHT HIS PLATOON INTO THE
AREA, HE HAD TO USE THE ONLY
ROUTE THE GERMANS COULDN'T
BLOCKADE...





MOVE THE MEN DOWN ACROSS THE SNOWFIELD... TELL THEM TO MOVE SLOW AND EASY... IF THEY START A SLIDE HERE, THEY'LL WIND UP A MILE DOWN THE MOUNTAIN!



MEANWHILE, IN THE ALPINE VILLAGE, FRENCH AND NAZIS ALIKE WERE HUDDLED IN-DOORS, AWAY FROM THE MINUS 10 DEGREE COLD!



THE AMERIKANER SCHWEIN WILL NOT ATTACK IN THIS ACCURSED WEATHER!



THE SIGNS ARE ALL THERE, HERR OBERSTGAULETIER!

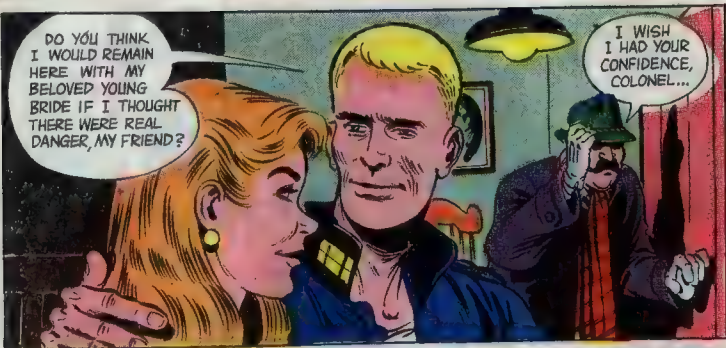
THERE HAS BEEN SNOW ON THE PEAKS SINCE SEPTEMBER! I MYSELF SAW THE DEVIL'S CHIN TREMBLING... SOON THE AVALANCHE WILL COME!



NONSENSE, MAN! AND IF THE AVALANCHE COMES, A FEW HOUSES WILL BE SWEEP AWAY!

BUT NO LIVES WILL BE LOST IF YOU PERMIT US TO EVACUATE THE VILLAGE AS WE USUALLY DO!





DO YOU THINK I WOULD REMAIN HERE WITH MY BELOVED YOUNG BRIDE IF I THOUGHT THERE WERE REAL DANGER, MY FRIEND?

I WISH I HAD YOUR CONFIDENCE, COLONEL...

AS THEY TALKED, THE DEVIL'S CHIN TREMBLED SLIGHTLY... A BEARD OF SNOW BLEW... AND THOUSANDS OF TONS OF SNOW STAYED PRECARIOUSLY IN PLACE ABOVE THE VILLAGE!



TELL THEM TO MOVE SLOWLY, SGT. ...NO ONE SHOUT NO ONE FIRE A GUN!

THERE'S EVEN MORE SNOW UP THERE THAN THE PHOTOS SHOWED! IT'S CRITICAL RIGHT NOW!



WOULD YOU DYNAMITE A NAZI TRAIN...IF YOU KNEW THE EXPLOSION WOULD BURY A VILLAGE FULL OF PEOPLE?

QUESTION, JIMBO...



JIMBO... YOU'VE STUDIED AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHS AND TOPOGRAPHICAL MAPS... SCOUT THE TOWN... LOCATE TROOP QUARTERS, AMMUNITION STORAGE DEPOTS, IF POSSIBLE... AND ARMORED VEHICLES!



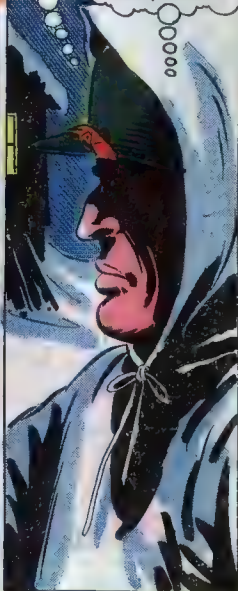
LESSITER'S PLATOON OF MOUNTAIN-TRAINED INFANTRYMEN MOVED LIKE WHITE GHOSTS DOWN TOWARD THE TOWN!

S/SGT. JAMES D. LIDDINGS LEFT HIS THOMPSON SUBMACHINE GUN AND MOVED INTO THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE VILLAGE...



THERE'S HENRI VICHET'S HOUSE...

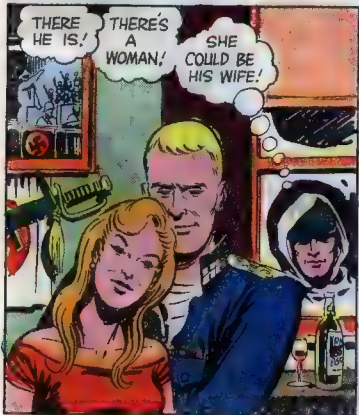
THAT'S WHERE OBERSTGAULETIER HEINSCHLER ESTABLISHED HIS HEADQUARTERS...



THERE HE IS!

THERE'S A WOMAN!

SHE COULD BE HIS WIFE!



THE VILLAGERS OF STE. JEANNE HAD THEIR OWN AVALANCHE WATCH...A POWERFUL TELESCOPE FOCUSED ON THE DEVIL'S CHIN!

MON DIEU!

THE SNOW MASS MOVED JUST THEN!

IF IT MOVES AGAIN, I WILL SOUND THE ALARM!





I DON'T WANT ANY OF YOU GETTING TRIGGER-HAPPY! I'M LESS WORRIED ABOUT THE GERMANS THAN I AM ALL THAT SNOW UP THERE!

ONE SHOT COULD START AN AVALANCHE!

OBERSTGAULETIER HEINSCHLER WAS BEGINNING TO WORRY TOO...



MAGDA, I AM GOING TO SEND YOU BY CAR DOWN TO PLANCHET! I AM WORRIED BY MONSIEUR VICHET'S WARNING!



NO, WERNER... I WILL STAY WITH YOU NO MATTER WHAT!



I REPEAT, MOELLER... INSTRUCT THE MEN TO BE QUIET... DO NOT DISCHARGE ANY WEAPON...OR RUN CAR OR TANK ENGINES TOO LOUD!



AS THE SUN CRAWLED ABOVE THE TOWERING ALPINE PEAKS A STRANGE SILENCE SPREAD ACROSS THE VALLEY...



OUI... THE DEVIL'S CHIN IS MOVING!

PAULETTE, DRESS THE CHILDREN... WE ARE GOING DOWN TO MY BROTHER'S HOUSE!

THE VILLAGERS DID NOT PANIC...THEY MOVED IN AN ORDERLY FASHION...CALLING SOFTLY TO EACH OTHER AS THEY BEGAN WALKING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN ROAD TO PLANCHET...



I'D BETTER REPORT BACK TO LASSITER! THESE PEOPLE KNOW WHEN AN AVALANCHE IS COMIN'...



HALTEN!

HE'S NOT FIRING!



THEY'D BE SHOOTING UP A STORM USUALLY...



STOP! LOOK UP THERE !!

THE MOUNTAIN SEEMS TO QUIVER LIKE JELLY!



THE FRENCH LEAVE THE VILLAGE! THEY KNOW IT WILL AVALANCHE!

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE



IT CAME SLOWLY AT FIRST...THEN
SWIFTLY INTO A ROAR THAT SHOOK
THE GREAT MOUNTAINS...



MEIN
GOTT!

THE
KOMMANDANT
AND HIS WIFE
ARE STILL IN
THE VILLAGE!

THE AVALANCHE WASHED DOWN THE VALLEY AND THEN...

THIS IS A TERRIBLE
THING! WOMEN AND
CHILDREN ARE INSIDE
THOSE HOUSES!

LOOK, FRITZ...OUR
WAR CAN WAIT...LET'S
GET BUSY AND DIG
THOSE PEOPLE OUT!



DIG FASTER,
KRAUT... I HEAR
A BABY CRYING
DOWN THERE!

JAH!
EIN
KINDER!



THEN REACHED THE VICTIMS
QUICKLY...

AMERIKANER
RESCUERS?



WHEN IT ENDED, AND THE INJURED PEOPLE HAD BEEN
TREATED...

THE KOMMANDANT HAS DECIDED
TO WITHDRAW FROM THIS VILLAGE,
LIEUTENANT. I HOPE YOU REMAIN
HERE A LONG TIME...IT IS A VERY
PLEASANT PLACE TO BE DURING
A WAR!

I THINK SO
TOO KAPITAN! SO
LONG... I HOPE WE
NEVER MEET
AGAIN!



THE
END!